

putting out fire with gasoline by wickedlittleoz

Series: [bad, bad medicine \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve was fine, really. He could deal with having feelings for Harrington. But he just couldn't accept what his body did whenever Billy fucking Hargrove crossed his mind. And gosh, Jonathan had always known he swung a little to the queer side, but this was too much.

putting out fire with gasoline

Author's Note:

Part 3 of the bad, bad medicine series. Again, can be read solo, probably, but will work better with the other two.

Title taken from David Bowie's Cat People.

*Edit: one more piece of absolutely breath-taking art by [warheadache](#) for our viewing pleasure, this time inspired by this work. Writing this was one thing, but seeing it---oof. Please, [click this](#), my friends, and don't forget to thank the wonderful artist. NSFW, of course.

It was 11:30pm and Jonathan had been twisting and turning in bed for the past half hour, restless, mind and body both wide-awake. That was much earlier than he normally would on a Friday night and he had actually canceled plans with Nancy to try and sleep, because in all honesty he couldn't face her, not after everything, not with the way his thoughts had been basically devoted to Steve Harrington for days.

He felt awful. Nancy was this sweet, caring, kind-hearted girl, who deserved the *world* and someone who could respect her, and there Jonathan was, pining for another guy.

And the thing is, it wasn't just Steve. It was Billy Hargrove, too, and his smile and bossy attitude, and his tanned muscly skin. Whenever Jonathan closed his eyes all he could picture was that afternoon in the locker room, a needy Steve being touched by Hargrove, and he felt *awfully hot* all over.

Steve was fine, really. He could deal with having feelings for Harrington. They had, uh, shared drama, or whatever that guy had said. They had that night in the back of the BMW, where few words had been spoken, but a lot had been shared. It was okay; Jonathan figured that in due time he would get over it.

But he just couldn't accept what his body did whenever Billy *fucking*

Hargrove crossed his mind. The heat, the need, the hardness; that was *not* okay.

Gosh, Jonathan had always known he swung a little to the queer side, but this was too much.

He sat up for what felt like the hundredth time that night, breathing already labored. There was no way he was sleeping, not with his mind going at 100mph. He wished he could see Steve, finish that conversation (the *conversation*) that Hargrove had interrupted, wished he could sort whatever it was that he felt for the boy, find out if it was mutual, and, dear Lord, figure out what they were going to do about it.

He thought about calling, briefly, then remembered Nancy had said that Steve had said that his parents were travelling to New York that week and would bring him new cassettes or something.

Before he could even think about what he was doing, Jonathan was already in his car halfway to the Harrington's.

It was quiet in that side of town, too quiet. For some reason he couldn't place, Jonathan turned off his lights as he went up the street to where Steve's place loomed, imposing and lonely. He parked at their driveway, breathed deeply, realized his knuckles were white even in the dark where he still held onto the steering wheel.

The cold bit at Jonathan's blushed cheeks as he waited at the door. The entire house was engulfed in darkness, except for that one window, which Jonathan knew was Steve's; a soft, orangey light let him know at least that he was awake and Jonathan wasn't being a complete bother. He knocked, and it took Steve a good five minutes, but at last he opened the front door.

He was wearing a grey t-shirt, it was inside out and he fixed his hair as he stood at the door, which made Jonathan think Steve must have been shirtless seconds before. He swallowed hard and stared at the soft confusion in the boy's face, blushing a little darker because, really, he had no reason to show up at his doorstep at midnight on a Friday, and Jonathan should've called instead, at least to ask if it was okay to come over.

“Jonathan?” Steve asked softly, a little breathless, which he assumed was because he must have ran down the stairs, and that was a big house.

“Hi,” he replied, and his voice faltered, so he cleared his throat. “I, uh... Can we—Can we talk?”

“What, now?”

It was only then that he realized – at the hurry in Steve’s tone, the small hint of annoyance that Jonathan knew Steve instantly regretted – that he must’ve been interrupting something. Steve looked over his shoulder inside the house and in the dead silence of the night Jonathan heard steps coming down the stairs.

And he thought of a blue car he’d seen parked all the way at the end of the street, a single, lonely blue car, which he hadn’t payed much attention to because he was so anxious, but now that he thought about it, it looked like a Camaro, it looked like *the* Camaro.

“This is a bad time, isn’t it?” He asked quickly, all ready to turn around and leave, “I’ll call tomorrow.”

Steve looked at him briefly and Jonathan could see a flash of that pleading anxiety that had been all over his face that afternoon in the showers. He took an involuntary step back, already gripping at the keys in his pocket.

“Hey Harrington, that’s my shirt!”

Steve closed his eyes and breathed. Jonathan did the exact opposite.

Billy *fucking* Hargrove pulled the door open, wrapped an arm around Steve’s waist and smiled down at Jonathan, “Well, if it isn’t Hawkins’ professional weirdo!”

And for the second time in too little time, Jonathan just wanted to turn around and leave those two to their bullshit, pretend that he hadn’t seen anything, go back to the safety and warmth of his home and his bed, and *sleep* until it all felt like a distant dream. But once again, Hargrove’s stare held him in place, and Jonathan looked from his face to Steve’s and back to Billy’s naked torso, and just felt

something between too hot and downright *sick*.

Hargrove was looking at him up and down, and he had a smile that was too close to psychotic. His eyes were hungry and Jonathan felt naked despite the shirt, jeans and jacket.

“What a wonderful surprise.” Somewhere in the back of his head, Jonathan thought that there was no wonder in his voice. But Hargrove went on, “Come on in, Johnny Boy.”

“Billy, leave him,” Steve finally stepped in, tugging Hargrove’s hand off his waist, and Jonathan – body still frozen in place, but mind going *fast* – didn’t miss the use of the first name.

“Oh no, Princess,” Hargrove smiled like a predator, all teeth, and licked his bottom lip. “This is a one-time opportunity I have no intention of wasting.”

They had an intimate, almost domestic dynamic going on that was nothing close to the tension and fighting that Jonathan was used to seeing at school. They looked comfortable with each other here, at ease, wearing each other’s clothes and touching each other freely.

It made him curious. It sparked his interest.

It stung like jealousy.

Hargrove took a step forward and Steve took a matching step, standing between them. “What are you talking about? Jesus, Billy, you’re insane, just leave him alone.”

The blonde laughed. He pushed Steve back (not at all roughly) with a hand on his chest and approached Jonathan, who couldn’t – or wouldn’t? – move.

“It doesn’t look to me like he wants to leave,” he said slowly. “Am I right, Johnny?”

And he was.

Hargrove kissed the way he did everything else: angry and aggressive. His rough hands gripped too tight and pulled at clothes hard enough to tear. He pushed and pulled and led the way. Like an alpha, a lion, someone used to getting exactly what he wants when he wants it.

Watching him and Steve was like watching a storm brewing, like waiting expectantly for a fight that never really broke, because still, as they struggled for control, they moved with a symmetry that could only be described as *beautiful*.

Jonathan felt dizzy. Disconnected and actually weird, as he sat in Steve's bed. He'd only seen his room from a distance, through the lens of the camera, but now he saw how big and well decorated it was. Expensive. Jonathan didn't really belong here, he felt *small*.

But then again, neither did Hargrove, and he didn't seem to have a problem with that. He paced around in his black boxers, bottle of expensive whiskey in hand, selecting from Steve's box of cassettes and complaining about his taste, but still dancing to whatever tune he chose. It was a Bon Jovi now and Jonathan snorted a laugh at Steve, thinking he definitely looked like a Bon Jovi kinda guy.

"He's hot," Steve shrugged as he sat on the other side of the bed.

Jonathan thought about saying Jon Bon wasn't really his type, but as Hargrove came into view, rocking his hips to the intro of Social Disease and shaking his mane of blond curls just as he'd seen the singer do on MTV, he swallowed the remark.

Hargrove approached him, settling between Jonathan's spread legs to dance and mouth the lyrics – which was a bit of a surprise, that he even *knew* the lyrics, considering how much he'd laughed at Steve for owning said cassette. He was putting on a show, dancing with earnest and wavering his hips, then turning in place to rock his ass in Jonathan's face. Jonathan laughed, a little nervously, daring to reach out a shy hand and touch Hargrove's stomach with just the tips of his fingers. The blonde grabbed his hand ran it over his abs and chest.

Steve climbed over the mattress to push a dollar bill into the hem of Hargrove's boxers. Jonathan laughed and Hargrove flipped him the

bird, and Steve fell back on the bed, laughing.

“C’mon, Byers,” Billy pulled him up by the wrists. “Are you always this boring?”

“Yeah, kinda,” he replied coyly.

“He just needs some alcohol in him,” Steve intervened, looking around for the bottle of whiskey Billy had left on the bedside table. But instead of handing it over to them, he settled back on the bed and drank.

Meanwhile Hargrove was looking at him that way again, like Jonathan was an especially juicy cut of meat that he couldn’t wait to devour. Pushing Jonathan’s denim jacket off his shoulders, he tossed it aside and pulled the boy to him by the waist. The brunette was holding his breath again, standing much closer to Hargrove than he ever had all these months, and finally realizing that the intoxicatingly sweet smell that had taken over the room was actually his cologne.

He leaned in, brushing his lips along Jonathan’s jaw, then biting down on the shell of his ear. Jonathan jolted in place and Hargrove chuckled softly, the sound making him shiver. “Relax,” he purred, pulling back to look into Jonathan’s eyes, blue facing blue, the tips of their noses touching. “It’s just a sting.”

Jonathan thought of a scorpion, rather than a needle or a bee, because his mind associated Billy to more aggressive, strong venoms.

Hargrove kissed him and he forgot everything, even how to breathe.

Somewhere beyond the buzzing in his ear, he heard Steve hissing and the final chords of Social Disease dying on the stereo. Hargrove bit into his lower lip and sucked on his tongue as *Wanted Dead or Alive* came on. Bold and demanding as he was, he slipped his hands under Jonathan’s tee, and for that split of a moment Jonathan still had the will to dig his nails into his arms, a warning: *stop*.

He laughed into the kiss, “What? Getting shy?”

“I ca—I shouldn’t,” Jonathan protested, pulling back and trying to shove Billy away.

“Because of your girlfriend?” Hargrove said softly, feigning innocence, “I’m sure she’s used to it, I mean, she used to date Harrginton.”

“Fuck you,” Steve said around the bottle.

“That’s the plan, Princess. If Byers here will help.” Billy pulled him close again, running a hand up his spine. “What do you say, Johnny? She doesn’t even have to know. This is our secret, remember?”

And remember he did: Billy’s grin (mirrored right in front of him at the moment) as he walked away from Jonathan and Steve under the bleachers that afternoon and his promise of keeping a secret that was now *theirs*.

In the back of his head he thought Nancy really didn’t *have* to know, wouldn’t know if nobody told her, and he was pretty sure they wouldn’t (it’s not like they wanted the trouble that came along with being queer).

But it wasn’t until he felt Steve pressing up behind him, shirtless again and warm, his lips mouthing at the point where Jonathan’s neck and shoulder met and palms sliding up his chest underneath the shirt, that Jonathan was sold.

Breathing was hard. Even thinking was hard at that point, to be perfectly honest. Nancy was but a distant thought, like a childhood memory which you’re not sure if it’s real or a dream.

They were all sitting naked on the bed, Steve leaning into him with his face in Jonathan’s neck, and while Jonathan held his hand and rubbed his back, Billy worked a second finger into him. Steve cried softly at times, in a way that made Jonathan question the situation altogether, but Billy would *shh* him soothingly and simply pour more lube in. It seemed to do the trick.

He kissed Steve’s temple and his eyes met Billy’s. They burned with something of jealousy and Jonathan frowned at the thought of Billy and Steve *belonging* to each other. Sure, Jonathan had Nancy, but he

liked to think he also had Steve. Apparently, so did Billy.

The boy in the middle turned his head and breathed deeply. “Come on, Hargrove,” he muttered, heavy with lust. “Stop fooling around. I want you.”

Billy growled in a way that reminded Jonathan of Demodogs. He pulled his fingers out – Steve grunted – and squeezed more lube into his hands. A slap, hard enough that the sound echoed over the music, on Steve’s hip and he was moving to get on his fours, head resting on Jonathan’s stomach where his breath ghosted over his cock (on purpose, he assumed).

A few tense minutes of Bon Jovi’s Burning for Love and Billy sheathed himself into Steve. The three of them breathed together. Billy cussed under his breath.

It took him another half minute, but then Steve was nodding and Billy was pulling out just to slam back into him, and Steve moaned loudly, and *it was on*.

Hargrove was ruthless. He quickly set up a pace that had the bed squeaking and he howled in (perfect, surprisingly) tune with the music. Steve moaned against Jonathan’s skin and clawed at his chest, but had the most blissful expression on his face.

“Princess,” Billy called after a couple songs. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Steve pushed himself up on his elbows and smirked at Jonathan in a way that had him shivering. Then he lowered his head and took him in his mouth.

Jonathan could have sworn he saw literal stars up in Steve’s dark ceiling. He choked and Steve searched for him with his free hand, laced their fingers together, and sucked him with so much *motivation* it should be a crime.

Until Billy thrusted particularly hard into Steve and then Steve was the one choking around Jonathan, and he pulled back angrily to look at Hargrove over his shoulder.

“Behave,” he hissed, his eyes watering, and Billy cackled.

“You behave. And don’t you leave Byers waiting.”

Steve rolled his eyes and looked back at Jonathan, his expression already softening. He jerked him with his hands for a little bit.

“It hurts, you know.” And Jonathan thought he meant his ass, so he looked at where Billy’s body disappeared into Steve’s. *“No, I mean the jaw.”*

Jonathan blushed. *“Oh.”*

“You’re just out of practice,” Billy said.

“Yeah, well, why aren’t you the one sucking dick, then?” Steve snarled at him, looking over his shoulder again.

Then Billy was leaning over, slowing down the pace of his hips and resting his chin on Steve’s shoulder so he could whisper into his ear – but he didn’t whisper, he spoke loud enough that Jonathan could hear every single word, *“Because we know you’re cock thirsty, pretty boy, and we know you love my dick in you.”*

At what Steve’s eyes darkened and he moaned. They kissed and Jonathan drank in the sight, wishing for half a second he’d brought his camera so he could capture this moment of intimacy.

When they broke the kiss, Steve wrapped his lips around him again, sending a spark up his spine that made Jonathan realize just how close he was, already. Billy kept it slow for the time, face hidden in the curve of Steve’s neck, as the brunette sucked and lapped and pumped.

Too soon, too fast, Jonathan came – and Steve swallowed.

When he came back from his high, Hargrove was pushing Steve around until he was lying with his back on Jonathan’s chest. He grabbed Steve’s knees, pulling his legs apart again, and locked eyes with Jonathan all while reentering Steve.

He thought for a moment that if he hadn’t been told how *cold* it was

in the Upside Down, he could believe *that* was it. Because being in a threesome with Billy Hargrove and Steve Harrington couldn't possibly happen in their reality.

But it was happening, and Steve had let his head fall onto Jonathan's shoulder, he could see how tired he was, breathing through his mouth and eyes shut. Jonathan kissed his cheek, his temple, and wrapped a hand around his dick, all the while repeating a chanting of compliments that he didn't know where he'd gotten.

Then Billy sped up until his hips started losing tempo, and Steve was shaking, and when Hargrove leaned in to press his forehead to Steve's chest, they both came *in perfect sync*.

They laid there for some time in a mess of limbs and come. As they breathed, Jonathan noticed that the music had stopped, too.

They fell asleep tangled in each other and when Jonathan woke, Steve was lying on his chest with Billy pressed up on his side. He took everything in, remembered the previous night, felt a headache creeping up that had nothing to do with alcohol – even because he hadn't drank – but was shame instead. He felt like screaming, wanted to run away and pretend this had been just a bad dream.

Then Steve stretched awake and his hand found Jonathan's cheek, and he pulled his face down to peck his lips. Jonathan sighed and Billy woke up slowly, too.

As they pulled apart, Jonathan quickly slid off the bed to start collecting his clothes. He could hear the two moving on the bed and talking in murmurs that he couldn't and didn't want to understand. When he was buttoning up his jeans, shirt already pulled halfway down over his torso, he felt a soft hand touch his back and jumped.

"Where are you going?" Steve asked amusedly.

"Home?" He didn't want to, but sounded hesitant.

"Are you sure?" Steve asked, some of that glow disappearing from his eyes, which made Jonathan question if the boy wanted him to stay.

“I mean, the Harringtons, they’ve got a hot tub, Johnny Boy,” Billy said. Jonathan looked past Steve at him and the blonde, still full of sleep in his eyes, was already palming himself lazily. He got up and approached them, hugging Steve from behind. “Can you imagine the fun?”

He could, actually. Didn’t want to, though. Reason was telling him to leave the house *immediately*.

But Steve’s hand slid down his arm and took his, and the glimmer of hope in his eyes had relit. And those doe eyes of Steve’s would always be his doom, he thought, sighing into the touch.

So he stayed. The afternoon, and then the night, after cooking them dinner with whatever he could whip up from the Harrington’s kitchen, and then the whole Sunday, too. And when his mother finally rang Steve’s phone, claiming she’d been worried and Nancy had been calling all weekend, he lied, said Steve had a cold and his parents were away, so he was watching him. Both Nancy and Joyce thought it was so thoughtful of him.

And on Monday, when Steve joined him and Nancy at the table for lunch, he smiled and thanked Nancy for lending him Jonathan that weekend. She said it was fine, that Jonathan really was sweet like that. Then Billy’s eyes found his from across the hall and he *winked*, and Jonathan blushed bright red, kicking Steve under the table and smiling with secrecy at the two.

Author's Note:

WELP, this took longer and ended up being longer than I'd predicted. But at the same time I'm super happy with how it came out (and I'm /late/ to a NYE party, very late, but not angry AT ALL).

Again, thanks to Jimmy, who's just as to blame for this as I am. For urging me to write and helping with, well, basically everything. Billy to my Steve yadayadayada.

Thanks to everyone who's been leaving so many kind comments on parts 1 and 2. Like I said, I haven't properly written fics in a very long time and I

literally just got into Stranger Things a month ago, so I'm finding out the fanbase is very kind and loving and supporting, and just, /THANK YOU/.

I may even write more of these three outside the series because of the good reception and all that. Again, thank you.

This concludes the bad, bad medicine series, one which Jimmy and I wanted very much to put out into the world, because we're so in love with the OT3. You can find me at @wickedlittleoz on Tumblr, too, with prompts or just to talk, I'd really love that.

This is unbeta'd, as literally all of my work XD so please forgive any mistakes.

Hope you guys like the conclusion, hope you've all liked the series, hope this beautiful trio wins your hearts as it has mine.

Thanks for taking the time to read it!

And happy new year! xx